

# *The Laughing Poet Moves On*

JIM DANIELS

She laughed quickly, not with you  
or at you. She laughed  
in her own universe of fizz and whirl.  
She laughed into immediate  
evaporation, leaving you wondering  
if the tide was coming in  
or going out. Her laughter spilled  
out as if a fan were blowing  
on High, exploding into that universe  
where consequence was  
theoretical. Then one day, a truck pulled up  
and loaded all her worldly goods.  
Her laugh twittering up, rippled through  
the green leaves of her award-winning  
trees. The neighbors thought they might miss her  
but they weren't sure.